

THE LADY'S
OR,
WEEKLY
MISCELLANY;
THE
VISITOR.
FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

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THE
MONK OF THE GROTTO.

A Tale:

(Continued)

Eugenio received the papers in silence, nor did he pronounce a single syllable till he arrived at the door of the cloister. He then pressed the hand of his affectionate conductress, uttered a few words in a low tone of voice, which she did not comprehend, and left her with precipitation.

Father Genaro, astonished at his long absence, expected his arrival with the utmost anxiety; but when he saw him appear, and remarked in his countenance that agitation, that same gloomy expression of despair which, ten years before, he had had such difficulty in combating, he yielded to an involuntary exclamation of terror.

"She is dead!" said Eugenio, throwing himself into a chair.

"How?—What mean you?—Gracious Heaven! explain yourself!" exclaimed Father Genaro.

"She is dead!" repeated Eugenio. "I have seen her, I have received her last sigh! Her clay cold body reposed upon my breast! I would have followed her, but was prevented, and you see me again returned."

"My friend! my dear friend! for pity's sake, explain this inconceivable mystery!" said Father Genaro. "I understand you not. It is impossible for me to comprehend you."

"They have immured her in a subterraneous dungeon," continued Eugenio, with a low voice, "and then they have assassinated her!"

"Just Heaven! who have they assassinated?" exclaimed Father Genaro, in accents of horror.

"Virginia! Virginia!" said Eugenio, while rage darted

from his eyes. "Virginia! But she shall be revenged—dreadfully revenged!"

Father Genaro began to suspect a part of the truth; but he in vain endeavoured to assuage the despair of Eugenio, which vented itself in curses and imprecations on the barbarous Abbess of San Cipriano. He threatened to make her expiate her crime by the severity of her punishment. It was only by flattering his scheme of vengeance, and by giving his word to solicit, of the Father Prior, leave of absence to depart the next day for Rome, that the good Genaro was enabled not to calm his spirits, but to restore him to that state of tranquility which rendered him capable of receiving the consolation and assistance, of which he stood so much in need.

Eugenio was highly esteemed by the Father Prior, who besides could refuse no favour to the beloved nephew of the Cardinal Caprara. He was ignorant of the real motive of a journey, the secret of which was buried in the breast of father Genaro, and that of his unhappy friend.

At five in the morning Eugenio mounted his horse, and

repaired to the neighbouring village, where he took a post-chaise for Rome, accompanied by a confidential servant, whom Father Genaro had ordered to attend him. Oppressed with grief, which no language can express, he remained for some time wholly insensible of his existence. He was in that state of moral lethargy, in which the soul weighed down by anguish, is incapable of experiencing any distinct sensation. His griefs presented themselves in crowds to his imagination, overwhelmed him with their number, and bereft him of the will or power to attach himself to any one in particular.

A cold sweat bedewed the forehead of the unfortunate Eugenio; he took out his handkerchief to wipe it off, when the packet of papers the Nun had delivered to him, and the remembrance of which had wholly escaped him, fell from his pocket to the bottom of the chaise.

Words cannot express the revolution which this circumstance effected on his mind. He took up the packet, contemplated it with anxious looks, and proceeded to break the seal; then, impelled by a sudden emotion of terror, he threw

it from him, turned his head aside, and closed his eyes. Nature dreaded the shock of new griefs. This first emotion which was the result of the dictates of Nature; but soon a motive, more imperious, urged him to take up the packet. He opened it with a trembling hand, hastily ran his eyes over several pages, stopped involuntary at the name of Virginia, and his burning tears moistened the passage on which without the possibility of withdrawing it, his attention was riveted.

FRAGMENT.

*Written by Sister Marcella
Salviati, a Nun of the Ab-
bey of Cipriano.*

" If ever this writing falls into the hands of a compassionate being—if Heaven shall grant the most ardent of my wishes; and conduct him to the unfortunate victim on whose behalf I am continually imploring the assistance of a Minister of his worship—ah! how much more than ever shall I felicitate myself at having been made choice of to watch over my interesting companion, and to convey to her her daily food bathed with my tears !

" All powerful God! pardon thy humble creature ; faithful to the vow of obedience I have pronounced at the foot of the altar, I will never betray the confidence of her whom I am bound to consider on earth as the organ of my holy will. But if my prayers can move her—if she consents that Virginia shall secretly enjoy the consolations of the Church, why may I not hope to obtain, through the medium of the sacred ministry, the revocation of a decree, which dooms the sad victim, who is the object of my tender solicitude, to the abode of death, ere the term of her mortal career is finished.

" Virginia Spanozzi, mild, modest, and prepossessing, gained the affection of every heart from the first moment of her entering our Convent. A profound sadness, and a degree of depression, which were spread over her countenance, induced a general belief that a violent grief was slowly undermining her health ; but the fervour with which she fulfilled all her duties, her patience and resignation in submitting to the severities prescribed by our Order, soon rendered her an object of veneration to the whole Convent.

"Our first Abbess, the worthy Signora Vizzani, loved her as her own daughter. She who succeeded her, far from being animated by that predilection in her favour, which she so well merited, on the contrary took every opportunity of giving proofs of her marked aversion towards her. Virginia, severely afflicted at the departure of her respectable friend, remained for some time after in a weak and languishing state. On the day of the feast, in honor of the Patrons of our Order, she was appointed to sing a motet. She was taken ill in the Church while performing it. The next day I perceived no alteration in her features, but I learned she had fainted several times in the course of the night. The Abbess and two of our Ancients remained with her till five in the morning and then returned without allowing any one to enter her cell. At seven o'clock we were informed she was dead; and one of our companions, who had been for many years in a declining state, having died the preceding evening, it was determined they should both be buried at the same time.

"I deplored the loss of Virginia; almost all the Sisters

mingled their tears with mine. The Abbess appeared extremely irritated at our grief; for which reason, most of my companions soon resumed the appearance of their usual serenity and tranquillity.

"The evening after the funeral I was at Chapel, where I long prayed for the repose of the soul of Virginia. A desire to sleep, which it was impossible for me to overcome weighed down my eyelids, and when I awoke, the Convent Bell was striking twelve. Terrified at finding myself out of my cell at such an hour, I proceeded with trembling steps by the way of the dining-hall, and passed along several winding cloisters, apprehensive lest, if I went the usual way, I should be over-harried. At the corner, of a gallery leading to the apartment of the Abbess, I heard a hollow kind of noise, and soon after perceived a light. Overcome with fear, I stopped, without the power of advancing, when I soon distinctly perceived the Abbess holding a lamp, and followed by four of our Ancients, who appeared to be carrying a very heavy burthen. I was ready to expire with terror when I perceived them advancing directly towards the place where I was, and found

it impossible to conceal myself from their observation. Scarce had I time to form a reflection, relative to the embarrassed situation in which I was placed, than the Abbess rudely seized me by the arm.

“What are you doing here?” she exclaimed, in a terrific tone of voice.

I fell at her feet, and would have attempted to justify myself, but the words expired on my lips.

“What are you doing here?” she repeated, in accents very little calculated to divest me of the terror with which I was seized.

“Madam,” said one of the Ancients, “she has seen too much to allow us to make a mystery of the rest. I think we ought to conduct her to the subterraneous chamber, and there hear what she has to say in excuse for her criminal conduct. The example she will have continually before her eyes, will, I hope, make her sensible that the sacred statutes of our Order are not to be violated with impunity.”

“The Abbess regarded me with a look that made me shudder, and ordered me to follow her.

“I obeyed in silence; a few minutes after we arrived at a part of the Convent which was entirely unknown to me. The Abbess opened a grate, and made us descend a staircase that led to a subterraneous vault hewn out in the rock. She stopped before an iron door; by which we entered a chamber, the extent of which I could not at first perceive. She lighted a lamp that was suspended from the roof, whilst the Ancients placed, upon a kind of bed in one corner of the chamber the load they had brought with them.

“See,” said the Abbess dragging me towards the bed, “observe the fate reserved for those who like this unworthy hypocrite, dare to violate the holy vows they have pronounced at the foot of the altar.”

“On finishing these words, she drew the curtain, and discovered to my astonished sight the beauteous Virginia, whom the whole convent deplored as dead.

“I uttered a piercing shriek, placed my hands before my eyes, and reeled backwards against the wall. One of the Ancients, fearing lest I should swoon, made me swallow a few drops of a cordial, which soon recovered my spirits,

"Called upon to give an account of my conduct, I told them frankly, and without asking pardon for a fault in which my will was no way concerned. The abbess and the Ancients retired to a farther part of the chamber, and after having consulted together for about a quarter of an hour, they ordered me to advance.

"I am willing to believe," said the Abbess, "that it was without any bad intention you was in the cloister in the middle of the night. I have, besides, certain means of knowing wether you impose upon me; and if I discover you have, the punishment that awaits you will be terrible. But listen to what I now require of you. It is to your care I confide the unhappy wretch, who will soon recover from the lethargy into which she is plunged. You shall convey to her every day the food necessary to her existence. If you ever utter a word—if you suffer the most distant hint respecting her to escape you in the Monastery you are undone. Remember, my Sister, your vow of obedience," added the Abbess, in a tone of severity; I order you to bury in your bosom the important secret with which you are entrusted; and it is on

pain of eternal damnation I declare you responsible for the least word you utter upon the subject, without my express permission."

"I bowed in silence. The Ancients required an oath on my part. They dictated the form of it, and I found myself forced to repeat it. We afterwards left the subterraneous chamber. The Abbess carefully shut the door, delivered me the keys, and conducted me to my cell, where she left me, abandoned to the sad reflections to which the dreadful scene I had witnessed gave birth,

"I could not divest myself of the idea of Virginia; she was present to my imagination as she lay pale and immovable in the gloomy cavern. I contemplated the horror she must feel when she awoke, and my heart was oppressed with grief. I would willingly have returned to her, to have received her first look, and offered my tender consolations; but I was not allowed to see her again till the next evening, after the Nuns had retired to their cells.

"That day appeared insupportably long; I however endeavoured to repress my sore

row and my impatience. The Abbess watched all my motions, and the Ancients never lost sight of me. At length the wished-for moment arrived. Faithful to the instructions I had received, I repaired, by several turnings and windings, to the subterraneous vault. I secretly conveyed into the basket, containing the bread and jug of water destined to the support of Virginia, some refreshments I had saved from what was allowed me. I entered the fatal chamber with so lively an emotion, that I could not at first distinguish a single object around me.

(*To be Continued*)

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany

A True Story.

LOUISA to EMMA,

HER FRIEND IN THE EAST-INDIES.

As on my lip the lingering cadence play'd,
My Brother gaily bounded down
the glade,
And, whilst my looks the fire of
gladness dart,
With ardor press'd me to his
throbbing heart;
Then to a graceful Stranger turn'd,
whose feet,

With steps less swift, my coy welcome meet.
O'er his fine form, and o'er his
glowing face,
Youth's ripen'd bloom had shed its
richest grace;
Tall as the Pine, amidst inferior
Trees,
With all the bending Ozier's pli-
ant ease.
O'er his fair brow, the fairer for
their shade,
Locks of the warmest brown lux-
uriant play'd.
Blushing he bows!—and gentle
awe supplies.
Each flattering meaning to his
downcast eyes;
Sweet, Serious, tender, those blue
eyes impart
A thousand dear sensations to the
heart;
Mild as the Evening Star whose
shining ray
Soft in th' unruffled Water seems
to play;
And When he speaks—not Mu-
sic's thrilling pow'r,
No, not the vocal Mistress of the
bow'r,
When slow she warbles from the
blossom'd spray,
In liquid blandishment, her even-
ing lay,
Such soft insinuating sweetness
knows,
As from that voice in melting ac-
cent flows!
Yet why, fond Memory! why, in
tints so warm,
Paint'st thou each beauty of that
faultless Form?

His specious virtues surely might
impart
Excuse more just for this devoted
heart.
Oh! how each noble passion's
seeming trace,
Threw transient glories o'er his
youthful face!
How rose, with sudden impulse,
swift and strong,
For ev'ry secret fraud, and open
wrong
Th' Oppressor acts, the Helpless
feel, or fear,
Disdain's quick throb, and Pity's
melting tear!
So well its part each ductile fea-
ture play'd,
Of worth, such firm, tho' silent
promise made,
That to have doubted its well paint-
ed truth,
Had been to want the primal grace
of youth
Credulity, that scorns, with gen'-
rous heat,
Alike to practice, or suspect de-
ceit.

Cease, vain Regrets, excursive
Fancy cease!
Ye only wound afresh my bleeding
peace,
And keep from gentle EMMA's
anxious ear
Th' event she longs, yet kindly
dreads, to hear;
But ah! nor singular, nor strange
the tale,
My Sister-Sufferers mourn in ev-
ery vale;
For gold, and dazzling state, in-
cessant prove,

In mans hard heart, the Murder-
ers of Love.

While many a Sun in summer-
glory rose,
EUGENIO's lip no softer accen-
knows
Than Friendship dictates—but
disorder'd praise,
Scarce half express'd; the mus-
ing ardent gaze;
The varrying cheek; the frequent
smother'd sigh,
Reveal the latent meaning of his
eye;
Plain, and yet plainer ev'ry hour
declare
The shining secracies, that lan-
guish there.

These are the days that fly on
Rapture's wing,
Empurpling ev'ry flower that
decks the Spring;
For when delicious Hope, with
whisper bland,
Wakes the dear magic of her po-
tent wand,
More vivid colours paint the rising
Morn,
And clearer crystal gems the
silver thorn;
On more luxuriant shade the
Noon-beam plays,
And richer gold the Evening Sun
arrays:
Stars seem to glitter with enam-
our'd fire,
And shadowy Hills in statelier
grace aspire;
More subtle sweetness scents the
pasing gales,
And softer beauty decks the moon-
light Vales;

All nature smiles ! nor e'en the jocound Day,
When festal roses strew the bridal way,
Darts thro' the Virgin breast such keen delight,
As when soft Fears with gay belief unite ;
As Hope, sweet, warm, seducing Hope inspires,
Which somewhat questions, what it most desires ;
Reads latent meaning in a Lover's eye,
Thrills at his glance, and trembles at his sigh ;
As o'er the Frame disorder'd transport pours,
When only less than Certainty is ours.

At length, that rosy Certainty appears,
With faithless promises of golden years.
Here, by this fountain side, Eugene strove
To trace the tender progress of his love ;
'Twas on the Evening of a splendid Day ;—
Calm on the gilded grass the fountain lay !
But oh ! when doubt, in that dear moment fled,
A calm more sunny o'er my bosom spread !
As the gay Lark his last clear warol sung,
And on a slanting Sun-beam warbling hung,
With sweeter music trill'd the vesper lay,

Than when he soar'd amid the blaze of Day ;
But yet a thousand times more sweet the sound,
In which my Soul its dearest blessing found !

Slow on the sun had stol'n the sailing Cloud,
And drawn o'er his gay fires the purple shroud,
Then roll'd away !—till, by no shade represt,
Afar the setting orb emblaz'd the West ;
Lighted with arrowy beame the Ocean caves,
And sunk with splendor in the illumin'd waves !

Thus oft would Modesty her blush employ,
Coyly to veil the radiance of my joy,
But from these eyes the sun-bright gladness beam'd,
And all the triumph of my bosom stream'd !

'Twas here,—e'en here !—where now I sit reclined,
And Winter's sighs sound hollow in the Wind ;
Loud, and more loud the blast of Evening raves,
And strips the Oaks of their last, lingering leaves ;
The eddying seliage in the tempest flies,
And fills with duskier gloom the thickning Skies.
Red sinks the Sun, behind the howling Hill,

And rushes, with hoarse stream,
the mountain Rill,
And now, with ruffling billow,
cold, and pale,
Runs, swoln, and dashing, down
the lonely Vale ;
While, to these tear-ful eyes,
grief's faded form,
Sits on the Cloud, and sighs amid
the Storm !

Yet, dreary Vale ! detain thy
expensive Guest,
Tho' drizzling fleet beats cold up-
on her breast !
To this sad Soul more welcome
are thy glooms, than bright
Than Spring's green bowers, or
Summer's gaudy blooms.
Nor asks an Heart, that only
breaths to sigh,
A warmer mansion, or a kinder
Sky ;
And still that destin'd Heart, so
fond to mourn,
And dwell on scenes, which never
can return,
Shrinks, e'en as guilty bosom
shrinks from shame,
To join with *fierfidy* EUGENIO's
name ;
Feels its soft streams in ev'ry
pulse recede
From the pain'd mention of one
barbarous deed,
That kills my hopes, like Eurus'
fierce career
On the bright foliage of the ear-
ly year ;
Which turns, while premature its
buds disclose,
To livid yellowness the damask
Rose.

Thou see'st, my EMMA with
what fond delay
Th' unwilling Spirit loiters on
her way ;
Clings to past scenes that wore
gay Summers form,
Clings to the wildness of the win-
try Storm,
To stop the sad narration, e'er it
throw,
Dark on my fate, the long, long
night of Woe,

Yet, O my soul ! resume it,
e'er the power
Of wasting Sickness brings the
fever'd Hour,
That stops th' ill-guided pen in the
weak hand,
And shakes from Life's dim glass
the ebbing sand !

Thou, EMMA, wilt not blame
my easy youth,
That soon this Heart declar'd its
tenderest truth.
Ah ! could I dream he foign'd
whose glances warm
With ceaseless ardor wander'd o'er
my form ?
And as gay smiles, and youthful
graces fair,
Shone in my eyes, and harmoniz'd
my air,
Not one unheeded pass'd his eager
gaze,
His fervent, yet discriminating
praise ;
Tho' oft he swore, amid the fond
survey,
The Mind they grac'd was lovelier
far than they ;
Protested oft, that Mind was
form'd to share

Each high-soul'd purpose, and each
virtuous care ;
Catch ev'ry new idea, as it rose,
Partake his joys, and melt with
all his woes ;
False could I think that vow, whose
starting tear
Sprung, the warm witness of a
faith sincere ?

(To be Continued.)

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

FROM THE MACTWISTOPEDIA.

"Cards—paste boards, with prints on them to play with."

Bailey.

"We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us."
"Go, play, boy, play ;—thy mother plays, and I play too."

Shakspeare.

Chan que quaf, ets, equen ones, whaf, chan, an chipsaw est ; boo-quaf. *Hum-Whang.*

More useful information may be obtained from a pair of dice, a mace, or pack of cards, than from a newspaper, pamphlet, or book.

Bob Short.

To a reflecting mind it must be pleasing, to see the rising generation so select in their amusements that profit, pleasure, and improvement, are gained from the pursuit of them. None of our fashionable recreations afford greater scope for the attainment of these three desirable objects than card playing. Young and old appear

equally fascinated with the ingenious pretty way of killing time. The vicious and unhealthy plays of youth seem to be entirely forgot, and old age has nearly lost all relish for foolish insipid conversation since the general introduction of this elegant amusement.

Seldom, very seldom, are those old fashioned chit-chat parties, where youth were accustomed to hear, "stale and unprofitable" historic anecdotes, foolish remarks on the arts and sciences, trifling dialogues on agriculture, trade, and commerce, trivolous sayings on the manners and customs of other countries, and useless remarks on the improvement of our own. No, no, our citizens are getting too enlightened to be pestered with stupid moralizing parties.—Cards now take the lead, and who is there so unpolite as not to follow !

What a pleasing sight to behold a large room in complete order for one of those instructive parties —Four or five tables, with their usual appendage ; eight or ten dollars in change, Mr. Hoyle's Games, a pair of dice, and pack of cards ; plenty of good eating and drinking on the side-board, and then—but it is quite unnecessary to enumerate any more of the captivating articles of a card-room ; we will suppose every thing in complete order. And now the company enter, what an improving buzz, buzz—they take their seats, after dividing into parties, of four

or six, for each table, the copper being tossed or the dice thrown for partners ; they soon proceed to business, then, the music of a Grist mill, or the harmony of a Tinkers shop, is nothing in comparison, and the learned remarks passing from table, to table, the wit and humour which appear to hover over their whole proceedings, is so enchantingly delightful, that none can be found possessing brains, so unfashionable or fool hardy, as to say a single word, in dispraise of the fashion.

Many of our young men, are got so fascinated with card-playing, that they spend every evening (and many whole knights) of the week at play in some private Porter house ; it is most likely they find their interest at this amusement ; at any rate, it certainly is a money making business to the *Landlord*, and it is more than probable, it is so to the company as many of them at present, make it their only business.

That a game of cards is a more pleasing amusement, than any that has, or can possibly be invented, may easily be seen, by looking at the countenances of those engaged at play, especially when *money* is at stake ; if this would not satisfy, let the remarks of the company after separation, go as further testimony, this no doubt would do the business, for they would shew in the clearest manner possible, that slander and charges of foul play,

never entered their thoughts, but that every thing went harmoniously, and that each man, woman and child, were pleased, nay delighted, and made *money* by the amusement.

To shew the improving moral tendency of card playing, it will be only necessary, to give part of a conversation which took place at a party a few evenings ago.

Diamonds you say is trumphs, and hearts the play—oh that belongs to us—yes five and one six and three are nine—I always thought Miss I. too sentimental ; and then dressing so far above her circumstances—whose ace is that ? It is said she forgot to pay her milener—but see I have two hearts—then you have one more than comes to your share ; but it is an ill wind blows nobody good—who deals ?—her husband I am told is a clerk in the bank—my trick, sir—he might have paid the poor milener before they left town—pray what is trumphs ? We lost an odd trick by that, partner.—What could he do, as he had but forty dollars, and her last bonnet and shawl amounted to seventy-five.—There, two by honours and three by cards—well but I am creditably informed, he won eighty-five dollars at Mr. B's party—yes, but my dear sir, you must know he had the pleasure of losing it nearly all at our friend W's the next night—Now for it, Miss R. I'll bet half a crown we have the odd trick.

*Life let us cherish
While yet the taper glows ;
Cook played Richard last night for
the second time, to a Philadelphia
audience.

A clerk I was in New-York gay,
Jemmy linkum feedle
And went in boots to see the play—
O ! its my play, I am always so
forgetful when playing for a trifle
—Boy, a glass of wine—I never
had such a hand of hearts in all
my life—yet I declare I saw them
go up Bank-street to Broadway
arm in arm, but for all that I dont
think it will ever be a match—two
more and then I will be indebted
to you just twenty three shillings
—certainly she reads more than
any woman of my acquaintance,
Tom Jones, Children of the Ab-
bey and Foundling of the Forest,
were all perused by her since last
Monday—your deal partner—I
declare Miss M. you are always
the first to break up a party;
come, come, a pinch of snuff and
be seated, I assure you it is but
just one o'clock.*

From this conversation and the preceding remarks, it will appear as plain as the nose on your face, that card-playing is, as has been before asserted, an *amusing, profitable and instructive recreation*. I now call on my opponents, to point out, any amusement or business, that will embrace those three desirable objects in a greater degree—but to do so is impossible, I have no opponents in this civilized world. I would therefore solicit

parents and teachers to recommend, nay to set examples of card-playing, both as an amusement and business, before youth under their care.

If this is done, and I hope it may, I have nothing to fear for the Wealth Learning or Virtue of the rising generation !

NATHAN PRESTO.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

.....
For the Lady's Miscellany.
.....

A CURIOUS RACE.

Each party winning stakes !

Two Yankees took lodgings for about ten days at a tavern in Lancaster county, and fared sumptuously, drinking two or three bottles of wine daily. The last day a dispute arose about the speed of their horses--they at last agreed to enter on the 'profitable contest.' The landlord was appointed judge, each being the rider of his own horse. When they were mounted, the judge like those at the Olympic games, gave the word *one, two, three and GO.* Off they went, and have neither been seen or heard of since; leaving the landlord fully compensated by having had the honour to be their judge.

ANECDOTES.

It is notorious that the English generally pronounce the letter *h* where they should not, and omit it, where they should pronounce it. An English gentleman was met lately, on the afternoon of his marriage day, drest more elegant than usual, and upon being asked the cause replied, ‘That he was going to *halter* his condition.

A learned schoolmaster being lately interrogated by one of his pupils, respecting the etymology of the word *syntax*, replied after some consideration, that it received its meaning from the circumstance of the ancients having laid a *tax* upon *sin*.

Our readers may recollect an account of the fall of a part of the Cliff, near Lover Castle, by which a mother and her children were killed whose bodies were found the next day. A hog was buried in the ruins at the same time, and was supposed to have also perished: but, strange as it may appear, the workmen, in removing the rubbish, discovered it alive on Thurday se'nnight, making exactly five months and nine days since the accident. At the time of the accident the animal weighed about seven score; he

is now wasted to about thirty three pounds, but is still likely to do well. *Dublin pap.*

Singular custom in the Isle of Man.

If a single young woman prosecute a single man for a rape, the ecclesiastical judges impannel a jury; and if this jury find him guilty, he is so returned to the spiritual courts, where if he is also found guilty, the *dunster*, (that is, the temporal judge) delivers to the woman, a rope, a sword, and a ring, and she has it in her choice to have him hanged, or beheaded, or to marry him.

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, August 10, 1811.

“Be it our task,
To note the passing tidings of the time
The City Inspector report the death of
55 persons in this city and suburbs during
the last week, ending on the 3d inst.

We regret to state that Mr. John Ellis, merchant of this city in getting out of the Steam-Boat, was taken with a fit, and fell into the river. His son immediately jumped in, and by extraordinary exertions, kept him from sinking till he was got out, but was so far exhausted, that all means to save his life were ineffectual. Mr. Ellis had been for a long time in ill health, and was on his return from the Springs.

Freshets have lately done great damage in vermont. New Hampshire Connecticut &c. In some parts of Vermont the fall of rain was great, from the 12th to the 23d ult, and occasioned very destructive floods, particularly in the former state; many mills bridges, forges factories, barns, houses, cattle, crops of grain, &c. were either swept or de-

stroyed and some persons were drowned. The Windsor paper says, " It appears the heaviest of the rain fell on or near the Green Mountains. It is said to have poured down on some of the hills in such torrents, as carried down into the vallies several acres of land two or three in depth which covered with heavy timber; resembling in many places some dreadful convulsions of nature. In Franconia N. H. the iron works were injured about 2000 dolls. several houses, &c. insulated; and account of nine bridges swept away are received besides other damages. An uncommon rise of the Connecticut by the late rains, has also done considerable damage.

Dreadful calamity in Hungary.

A German paper, (Neue Zestung) which came to hand last week, contains the following article, dated Presburgh. April 24 " Early on the morning of the 20th inst. the Danube, without any previous warning suddenly overflowed the banks below Best, and inundated the adjacent country thirty miles. By this accident, twenty-four villages, for the most part extremely populous were swept away, with the greatest part of their inhabitants. It is computed, that between three and four thousand persons have lost their lives.

FIRE.

On Saturday night last the valuable cotton manufactory of J. C. Field, esq. on Wepping's creek, in Dutchess county, consumed by fire. Whether the accident originated in design or accident we have not learned.

The church in Huntington, Ripton Society, Connecticut, was last week consumed by fire, occasioned by a boy's shooting at pigeons on the roof.

A London paper of June 4. states the present cost of the war to be 250,000 pound per day; that is 1,750,000 pound per week, or ninety-one millions sterling per annum !!!

COFFEE FOR FAMILY USE.

Wetmore & Jackson, No. 75 Wall street, have for sale 50 Bags of the Choicest green COFFEE.—Families may be supplied by the single Bag, at reduced prices.

August 10.

WANTED immediately, an Apprentice to the Printing business, apply at this office.

Married.

On Monday evening the 5th inst by the rev. Dr. Abel, capt Charles Ludlow, of the United States navy, to Miss Margaret Thornton Mackaness daughter of the late Thomas Mackaness, esq.

On Thursday the 1st inst by the rev. John X. Clark, Mr. Thomas H. Kennedy, to Miss Fanny Urnell, both of this city.

On Thursday the 1st inst by the rev Dr Kuypers, H P. Schuyler of Albany to Miss Sarah Packwood of this city.

At Westchester on Wednesday the 31st inst by the rev Mr. Wilkins Mr. Joseph Blackwell merchant, to Miss Justina Bayard, daughter of William, Bayard esq. all of this city.

At New-London, Conn. John Billings esq (post-master) of Trenton, in this state to Miss Abby Fosdick daughter of Nicoll Fosdick esq. of that city.

On Thursday the 1st inst by the rev Dr Milledollar Mr Adam Trumbull to Miss Mary Ann Fowler, both of this city

On Thursday the 6th of June by the rev Dr Moore Mr Gerald M'Enery to Miss Hester Speire, both of this city.

Died.

On Thursday the 1st inst Mr John Ellis in the 56th year of his age,

On Wednesday the 31st inst after a lingering illness in the 66th year of her age, Mrs Elizabeth Lempsey widow of captain John Dempsey

On Thursday the 1st inst after a lingering illness Mrs Margaret Stewart wife of Mr John Stewart.

In New Loudon Winthrop Saltonstall, esq clerk of that county aged 74, much and universally respected.

At New Brunswick, N. J. 28th ult. Mrs Elizabeth Howe, wife of the rev. Thom Y. Howe, of this city

On Friday the 2d inst at Montgomery Orange county in the 71st year of his age col. John Nicholson an old and highly respectable revolutionary officer and late a member of the state legislature.



"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

.....

For the Lady's Miscellany.



ELIZA'S LAMENTATION,

*On the departure of Mr. P——n, for
Europe.*

And art thou gone, the youth I lov'd
so dear,

To visit Europe's sanguinary shore :
Say will your thoughts, though absent,
wander here

Or must Eliza every lass deplore.

Will the rude seas, that bear you far
away,

Divide the soft affections of your soul,
Will love forego his pleasureable sway.
Or will you own some fairer maids
contrari.

When I am absent will it be my lot,
Like a bright cloud that's swiftly pass-
ing by.

Seen for a moment, and as quick forgot,
Nor to recall a thought or transient
sigh.

No that dear youth will ne'er ungrateful
prove,

To the fond maid that lives for only
him ;

He that first gain'd my tender virgin
love,
Can never prove unworthy of esteem,
Thousands there are, whose beauty
shines more bright,

But none that feel a more exalted
flame,
None that e'er meets you with more
fond delight,
Or feels a warmer glow at P——n's
name.
Oh! at that name what pleasing thoughts
arise,
To calm the glowing sorrows of my
breast ;
That when your absense that alone
supplies,
My only peace my happiness and
rest.

J. S.

Checks, Cards, Handbills

AND PRINTING IN GENERAL,
Neatly and correctly executed, on
reasonable terms; and goods
(of any kind) will be taken
in part payment,—at the
Office of the

LADY'S MISCELLANY

Thomas H. Brantingham, has removed
to No. 145 Broadway, where he continues
to procure money on Mortgages,
notes of hand & deposits, buys & sells
houses, improved farms, & tracts of land.
Also lets & leases houses & lots, on rea-
sonable commision.—Also the lease of
2 houses, & annuity. Also for sale 30
farms, several with good improvements,
will be sold low, goods & property of e-
very sort taken in payment, or any who
forms a company tickets & draw for the
different farms will be liberally paid for it.
Also a skilfull farming man with a good
character, will meet with encouragement
by applying as above. May 20th, 1811.

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